

Summer 6-3-1887

The Cadet June 3 1887

The Cadet Staff

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THE CADET.

VOL. II.

ORONO, MAINE, JUNE 3, 1887.

No. 4.

The Cadet.

ISSUED ON THE FIRST FRIDAY OF EACH MONTH
DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, BY THE

MAINE STATE COLLEGE PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

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Contributions from the Alumni and friends of the College will be gratefully received, when accompanied by the writer's name. No anonymous articles will be accepted.

Advertising rates can be obtained on application to the Business Editor, to whom all business communications and remittances should be sent. All other communications should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief.

ENTERED AT THE ORONO POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL
MATTER.

EDITORIAL.

LITERARY.

CAMPUS.

PERSONALS.

EXCHANGES.

OTHER COLLEGES.

SCIENTIFIC AND ENGINEERING GLEANINGS.

CHATS ABOUT CELEBRITIES.

HASH.

MAY.

May shall make the world anew;
Golden sun and silver dew—
Money minted in the sky—
Shall the earth's new garments buy.
May shall make the orchard bloom:
And the blossoms' fine perfume
Shall set all the honey-bees
Murmuring among the trees.
May shall make the bud appear
Like a jewel, crystal clear,
'Mid the leaves upon the limb
Where the robin lifts his hymn.
May shall make the wild-flowers tell
Where the shining snow-flakes fell;
Just as though each snow-flake's heart,
By some secret, magic art,
Were transmuted to a flower
In the sunlight and the shower.
Is there such another, pray,
Wonder-making month as May?
—Frank Sherman, in *St. Nicholas* for May.

The Spring-scented buds all around me are swelling;
ing;

There are songs in the stream, there's health in
the gale;

A sense of delight in each bosom is swelling
As float the pure day-beams o'er mountain and
vale.

The desolate reign of old Winter is broken,
The verdure is fresh upon every tree;
Of Nature's revival the charm, and a token
Of love, O thou spirit of beauty? to thee.

—Willis Gaylord Clark.

EDITORIAL

WITH this issue the present Board of Editors complete their labor upon the CADET. It has been our aim to make the CADET a *college paper*; one which those who are interested in college matters, would read and enjoy. It is not for us to say whether we have succeeded or not; but we feel that our labor has not been "all in vain." We can commend the spirit shown by the students in placing the paper out of debt, and on its present firm financial basis. By this act they firmly established one of the best associations in College, and made it possible for a large number to get a valuable literary drill, which would otherwise have been closed to all.

During the year there has been a growing tendency, on the part of the students, to contribute to these columns; but that the number of contributors is, as yet small, is proven by the fact,—that many times we are obliged to publish articles for the want of something better rather than their merit. This is to be regretted and we hope that our successors will be better supplied.

Among the alumni are a few who have contributed quite liberally to our columns, but from the greater part we have received no assistance, and from these we must ask a little more attention. We assure our readers that our successors are active and able workers, and that they may expect to see the CADET progress under their management. The following are the names of the new Board of Editors, who will begin their work with the commencement number:—G. S. Bachelder, J. R. Boardman, D. E. Campbell, E. H. Elwell, and N. E. Wilson of '88; C. G. Cushman, J. W. Edgerly, and J. Reed of '89; E. F. Heath of '90.

WE are glad to state that Arbor Day was well observed at the M. S. C. Early on the morning of the tenth of May, the Campus presented an unusually lively appearance; and a stranger would at once, have guessed the cause.

From every direction came parties of three and four, bearing trees, which were soon planted, notwithstanding a scarcity of spades.

Now a large number of promising young trees adorn the Campus, as evidence of an appreciation of this holiday together with a desire to beautify the grounds. We hope that this example will be followed each year; and that, as a custom, it will be the means of adding much to the natural attractions of the Campus.

HAVE we a Scientific Society? If we remember correctly we heard during our Freshman year, of such a society with departments of Agriculture, Engineering, Chemistry and Natural History; and that it had held meetings, and its members read carefully prepared papers on various subjects. The only one we can recall now was upon the theory of base ball curves; soon after the appearance of which Small developed his remarkable qualities as a pitcher. Whether the two had any connection or whether the society still exists, we are unable to say. However, if there remains a "breath of life," we would recommend, that stimulants be administered, and a thorough reorganization affected.

THROUGH the kindness of a friend we are able to present to our readers a copy of a letter, written by an officer of the United States Steamer, Rhode Island, who was present when the gallant little Monitor found her last resting place. This letter gives a very graphic description of the sinking of the ill-fated iron clad, and we hope it will prove interesting to our readers.

NOW that base ball is not to be the all absorbing sport of the season, we hope that some interest may be taken in the heretofore neglected game of tennis.

A year ago a court was laid out and an association formed, and considerable interest displayed; but it seems to have died out, and the association become defunct.

It is not a place to enter upon any discussion as to the merits of the game; but we hope so good a game will not fail to be represented among us.

Last summer the plan of having an Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament was agitated, and we hope it will be this year, for although we could not hope to compete successfully with tennis clubs, from the other colleges; yet this

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would help to bring us into closer relationship and make us better acquainted.

AS the term advances, no doubt every student is looking forward with pleasant anticipation to the exercises of Commencement week, and this year with more than usual interest as the Reunion will add largely, both to the number and character of our visitors. We presume also that those students who are to represent their classes in the public exercises, realize the need of hard and thorough work upon their parts; yet, judging from past experiences, a few words of stimulation may be needed. Notwithstanding the utmost efforts of President and Professors in charge of this work, there are always some students who manage never to be prepared for rehearsals at the appointed time, or who on one pretext or another fail to give the necessary amount of time in preparation for the stage.

Now this is all wrong. Not only should the themes be carefully prepared, but also promptly and thoroughly committed. The success of a part depends as much upon the manner in which it is delivered, as upon the composition, and the fact that our students have very little rhetorical drill as compared with those of other colleges, render it necessary that increased attention be given to the one or two occasions when we do appear before the public.

We fear that many do not realize as fully as they should the importance of their work. Not only the student's own interests are involved, but those of the college as well, for very many have opportunity to judge the college only by the character of the public exercises.

THE CADET has now become an established institution, and suitable accommodations should be allowed the editors for their work. With the great quantity of exchanges and other matter which it is accumulating, it is getting to need some place in which this matter can be systematically arranged for reference.

If some room in Brick Hall could be given for that purpose it would be a great convenience to the Editors and also to those who would like to look over the exchanges from other colleges, if they were accessible.

In the present crowded condition of Brick

Hall, an entire room could not perhaps be allowed, but we would suggest that No. 7, now occupied by the Military Department as headquarters, might be used conjointly by the Department and the CADET without conflicting.

We hope that before another term, a suitable place will be provided in which the editors can do their work.

BRIEF mention of the coming Commencement Concert was made in our last number. We are glad that more definite arrangements have been made, so that we are now able to give our readers a better idea of what the Concert is going to be. As before stated, it will be held in the Bangor Opera House on Thursday evening, of Commencement week.

It seems that the question which the class had to decide was, whether they should hold a concert in Bangor, or have no concert; for if they gave up the evening on which the Concert is usually held, to the alumni for a lecture, they could not expect to hold a good concert on Thursday evening in Orono and come reasonably near paying expenses.

Arrangements will be made so that holders of Concert tickets in town and vicinity can have free R. R. transportation to and from Bangor that night. The talent engaged for the Concert is the Germania Orchestra, the Weber Male Quartette, and Miss Louise Baldwin, soprano soloist. The class are determined to have one of the finest concerts ever held here, regardless of expense.

ON Friday, May 13, the Rev. Geo. C. Cressey gave his lecture "The Philology of the English Language" before the students in the chapel.

After referring to the migrations of the Aryan people southward and westward from their homes in the highlands of Asia, and mentioning the different nations that have sprung from this parent stock, the lecturer took up the development of the teutonic family of languages of which the Anglo-Saxon is a member.

The result of the invasion of England by the Anglo-Saxon in the fifth century, was the almost complete extinction of the ancient British tongue wherever the invaders extended their sway, there being not more than fifteen or twenty

words from that language in the English of the present day, while about the only word that reminds us of the days of the Roman supremacy in the island is "Chester," a descendant of the latin *casna*. This survives as the name of a city and as a suffix in the names of many towns. "Lincoln" is also thought by some to be a corrupted form of *Lindum Colonia*.

The invasion of the Danes and their settlement in central and northeastern England made no important changes in the language of the Anglo-Saxons, for both people's were ethnically one, and their languages fundamentally the same. At the present time there are but few English words that may be regarded as distinctly Danish in their origin.

In the eleventh century came the Norman invasion of England. These Normans were of the Teutonic stock, and had invaded France, as the Saxons had invaded England, but instead of exterminating the people of the land that they conquered, they mingled with them and in great part adopted their language and civilization, while retaining the northern fierceness and love of hard fighting.

William, the Duke of Normandy, laying claim to the crown of England on the death of Edward the Confessor, in the year 1066, set sail for England with a large army. At Hastings he met and defeated Harold, who had been elected king by the Witenagenott. After this victory, William encountered no organized resistance and became master of England.

Norman French now becomes the language of the Court, and of the higher orders in the State but as in a few generations the ruling classes came to forget Normandy in England, the anglo-Saxon came again to its birthright, but envied and expanded from the language of the more highly civilized and polished conquerors.

From this time the history of the English language is a history, not of change, but of development.

The matter thus imperfectly outlined, was presented by Mr. Cressey in an earnest and eloquent manner, and the thanks of the students are gratefully tendered to him for the privilege of listening to so entertaining and so instructive a lecturer.

L I T E R A R Y .

SCIENCE AND SENTIMENT.

Oh, the music that evening seemed doubly entrancing,
And Dora, my loved one, was fairer than ever,
In the swell and fanfare of the gayest of dancing;
I vowed from mine idol I'd separate never,
The vast charm of her eyes and the spell of her glancing
So thrilled me, I said that doubt's chain I would sever;
And her innocent ways, all her graces enhancing,
Impelled my faint heart to the boldest endeavor.

On the sofa we sat; all my language fell teeming
With eloquence born of a longing unbounded;
The soft touch of her hand set me quickly to dreaming,
The sound of her voice my rapt senses confounded:
As her eyes thrilled me through with their effluent beaming,
My soul with a rapture ecstatic surrounded,
All the earth was a heaven in the fairest of seeming,
And joy's loudest anthem was there for me sounded.

I'm sure that to learning I'd show no defiance,
Alas, though its triumphs with sorrows are laden
For that night at the ball the electric appliance
Went wrong—and I blessed the blank darkness we stayed in;
And as there in the darkness I breathed my affiance,
Ehue! though I thought myself dwelling in Aidenn,
Dora fled, and another sat down with much science—
My arms were encircling a red-headed maiden.
—Nathan M. Levy.

ETHICS OF SHADOW PHOTOGRAPHY.

LEARNED DISQUISITION UPON A NEW INDUSTRY.

NOT BY SAMSON JOHNUEL.

Taking pictures after dark has been successfully tried in Brooklyn. A reward is offered for the scoundrel who

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advanced the scheme. We understand that now he is a wanderer on the face of the earth.—*Tollinger Telegraph.*

THE above, clipped from our intelligent contemporary, awakens a degree of surprise in our editorial chest that is only equalled by the contemplation of the disastrous results that are unavoidably involved in a success of the fiendish project. We are aware that many of the ways of science are dark, but the road of amateur photography is taking a large crook when it seeks to invade the realms that twilight and thick curtains have drawn their protecting folds around.

No doubt that the discoverer of this Sunday evening nightmare of ardent swains, felt that he had conferred a lasting benefit upon his fellow creatures, but could he see as we do—in imagination only—the scores of young and ambitious mortals held down by grief, and 150 pounds of blushing loveliness, trembling lest at any time the photograph fiend may catch them on his camera and hang it in his gallery as a study in light and shade—the study consisting in telling whether the moustache is the sole property of Alphonso, or promiscuously divided with Amelia,—he would demolish his infernal machine and repent his sin in monkhood. Could this dark-lantern peace-destroyer realize for a moment the too-deep-for-utterance anguish of

“Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that thump together,”

sitting at extremes of the parlor, yearning for a nearer nearness through the long hours—once so short—of the night, not daring to wheel to the right and close up in the rear rank lest the baleful gleam of the demon camera should blight them from some window, he would turn a raving maniac haunted by phantom dry-plates, and spectral instantaneous processes.

But considered from a scientific standpoint this branch of the art is attended by many difficulties. We take it that a per cent. of the proofs would be somewhat like the composite photograph in many types. That is to say—we infer—such may be the case—if we are not mistaken, you couldn't tell whether there was one of 'em or two of 'em, or whether they came in a bunch. It would puzzle a Grand Jurymen to tell with which nose the moustache went, and the family register would have to be consulted

to prove if the young man was in the habit of wearing his hair long over his shoulder.

There would also doubtless be a certain degree of shadiness about the mouth due to local affections and applications, and the expression would vary in direct ratio, according as whether the proposition is a-ride-next-Tuesday, or if-you-dance-with-that-blooming-lunatic-again-we-meet-as-strangers.

The writer is a man of no experience, and his judgment is entirely local, but he feels called to remark that there are young ladies who would take better pictures in the dark than when the sun is at its meridian. That is to say, as it were, for example, darkness, real intense, full-blooded darkness, tends to conceal certain degrees of features that daylight has a malicious delight in exposing. As he has already remarked the writer claims no experience with the subject in hand, but should he be called upon to sustain these observations before an intelligent jury of his countrymen, he feels that he could faithfully affirm that the South Sea Islands—he would put it nearer but life still has its charms, and there are orphans depending upon his labors—give refuge to a few of these subjects.

However we think that this branch of the photographic industry will never become popular. The photo-catcher who wanders about in the dead hours of the night is not the individual upon whom a confiding public is inclined to show its gratitude. On the contrary he is liable to be beset by dog, wiped up by man, and mobbed by the fair sex as a guarantee of good faith.

The United States may have a navy; Canada may catch the fish that we have been feeding for home consumption, but when turned-down gas and close curtains fail to secure domestic security from the cold scrutiny of a captious world, thousands of young hearts will shoulder the shot-gun, and the song of the dark-process bird will be hushed in the stillness of a neglected grave.

SINKING OF THE MONITOR.

ON BOARD THE STEAMER RHODE ISLAND, }
HAMPTON ROADS, January 4th, 1863. }

DEAR FATHER:—Doubtless you have heard ere this of the loss of the Monitor with twelve

of her men and four officers, and of the probable loss of a boat's crew of six men and a master's mate from this ship. The papers have, I suppose, given thrilling accounts of the affair, and pictures of the scene "taken by their artists on the spot," which, though they may not be true, do not exaggerate the disaster.

We sailed from this port with the Monitor in tow, on the afternoon of the twenty-ninth of December, with as fair a wind and as pleasant weather as the most timid could wish for. Nothing occurred worthy of note until the afternoon of the next day after leaving port. Everything up to this time seemed to indicate that we were to have a pleasant passage, but we were to be disappointed. Dark clouds made their appearance to the southward, and a breeze sprung up from that quarter, which increased to quite a gale by sundown. The wind kicked up quite a sea, in which the little Monitor pitched and rolled heavily.

I had the first dog watch on deck, and when I went below at four bells, we were about twenty miles off Cape Hatteras. I turned into my berth, little thinking what a few hours would bring forth. About eleven o'clock, I was aroused by one of the messenger boys, who told me that all of the officers were wanted immediately. I dressed myself and went on deck; on arriving there I first took a look at the weather, which I found to be very bad. The night was dark; not even a star to be seen, and it was blowing heavily from the south. I looked astern to the Monitor; she was making signals of distress with her lights. We backed up to the windward of her soon as we could, they cutting the hawser used for a tow line.

In answer to our hail we could just distinguish the words "we are sinking." Our captain immediately ordered the second cutter "away to the rescue." She was soon manned by some of the best men in the ship and put in charge of Master's Mate Brown. After some difficulty, he got clear from the ship's side, and started on his noble and perilous errand.

About this time, as I afterwards learned, the Monitor let go her anchor and run out over one hundred fathoms of chain, and I presume it must have stopped her drift, for there were only sixty fathoms of water.

The next boat that was ordered away was the launch, in charge of Ensign Taylor; she is a heavy boat, and pulls fourteen oars. After some valuable time spent in getting volunteers to go in her, she finally shoved off with a good crew. Each boat on board the ship has a regular crew, but it was almost impossible to find them among two or three hundred men. It was no easy task, I assure you, to lower away a boat that night, and keep her clear of the ship's side, and not get her swamped, for where they are up to the davits, they are twenty feet from the water.

About the time the launch left us, the hawser which had been cut, got entangled in one of the side wheels and stopped them, and we were for a short time perfectly helpless. We drifted toward the Monitor; she just passed under our stern, coming very near to making a hole in us. Three lines were thrown on board the sinking vessel, and as many men might have come on board of us had they chosen to do so. They afterwards said that there was no one who wanted to be the first to leave the ship. When we got the wheel clear, we were some distance to the leeward, and then commenced my personal adventures.

The "Scorpion," a boat that pulls four oars, was ordered away, and much to my surprise I was ordered to take charge of her. I am the youngest officer on board, and why I was chosen is more than I know, but I did not stop to ask any questions. After the same experience that the others had undergone, I got clear of the ship and started for the Monitor, which lay about a quarter of a mile to the windward of us. The sea was running very high, and at times it seemed as though our boat would end over, but I was very careful to keep her head to the sea. As we neared the Monitor, my attention was called by one of the men to a noise which he said that he heard at some distance, and right abeam of the sinking vessel. I listened, and soon heard a man crying out lustily for help in the direction indicated. I changed our course, but in doing so got into the trough of the sea, and came very near getting swamped. Soon, however, I had the satisfaction of seeing a man's head on the crest of a wave. We pulled up and got him into the boat more dead than alive. He proved to be a master's mate, who had been washed overboard. As soon as I got

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him on board, I started again for the Monitor; I got near and on the lee side of her. I did not dare to go close alongside. If I had done so I should have got the boat capsized.

The appearance of the ironclad at this time was truly dreadful; the sea was making a complete breach over her, and the poor fellows that were left on board (there were about twenty of them) were clinging to whatever they could lay their hands on, and calling upon us to save them. The only part of the vessel that I could distinguish plainly, was the turret. Her deck was completely submerged. I threw a line on board of her and told the men to take the end of it and jump overboard, which they did and we hauled them into the boat; in this manner we got ten of them.

There were sixteen of us now, and that was all we could carry without being swamped. It was hard to leave the balance of them thus to perish, but there was no alternative. They begged piteously to be taken, but acting on the hypothesis that sixteen live men were worth more than twice that number of dead ones, I had to leave them.

I got back alongside of the Rhode Island after some difficulty, where I learned that the launch had brought one load, and the cutter one load, and that the cutter had gone again to the Monitor. The launch got badly stove up when she was alongside the Monitor. We lost sight of the sinking vessel and the cutter at about the time we got on board of the Rhode Island, and fear that they both went down together.

We cruised about the spot for the next twelve hours, and then reluctantly shaped our course for Wilmington, N. C., which was our port of destination; and on arriving there we were ordered to Beaufort, N. C., from which place we came here.

The cutter with its crew was picked up the next day. I had not heard of this when the letter was written.

FICTITIOUS LITERATURE.

THE traditional glamur which fictitious literature diffuses over the past, and the readiness with which public imagination re-

sponds to its teachings, renders it imperative that some measures should be taken to curtail the vast amount of this class of reading matter now in existence. The increasing demand for works of fiction in every conceivable form, and particularly for story papers, which are weekly imposed upon the world in untold millions, should open the eyes of every intelligent person to the magnitude and gravity of this important question.

For proof of the assertion that the prevailing passion of the reading public is for fiction, go to any of our public libraries, and there you will find the books of this class rent and defaced from constant reading and re-reading; while those which possess intrinsic worth; those from which we obtain useful and valuable information; in a word, those books upon whose pages we find sentiments worthy to be treasures as the groundwork of all that is good and noble, these books will be found in a remarkably good state of preservation.

Works of fiction may be divided into at least two classes: those of the higher order, which either from the plausible theories and good morals which they contain, or the fascinating manner in which they are written, have been published in book form, and secondly those of the lower order, which are principally confined to story papers and cheap novels. It is to this latter class that we wish to call your attention, and to venture a few words of timely warning to those who indulge in such worthless amusement.

In the first place we may ask what benefits are to be derived from the perusal of such literature, and what ideas worthy of preservation does it advance? Does it not consist wholly of a mass of sensational falsehoods, hastily compiled to gratify the transient demands of a credulous people?

Does it not create a fictitious enthusiasm to pollute the mind and draw it from the higher and nobler channels in which it should be directed? Most assuredly it does all this and more. It poisons the fountains by instilling into the mind of the youthful reader, a fascination for sensational and trashy literature, above which he can form no conception; it sows the seed of fickleness, and credulity, which, once thoroughly ripened, becomes difficult and

The third and decisive game of ball between the M. S. C. and M. C. I.'s was played May 28th at Maplewood Park. The M. C. I.'s brought Underwood, formerly of Bates, and to equalize things, MacCoffee pitched for the M. S. C. The game stood 6 to 1 in our favor, when the Pittsfield boys refused to finish the game, thereby forfeiting it.

Among other improvements which are being made on the college property this season we notice the substitution of a neat picket fence for the old tumble down concern that formerly stood on the western side of the road to the village. Also the removal of the old fence in front of the college grounds, thereby giving us a clear stretch of Campus, down to the river. Why wouldn't that be a good place for some tennis courts?

Sunday evening, May 29th, an interesting prayer meeting was held in the chapel. A number of the Bangor Y. M. C. A. were present.

Lieut. Chas. L. Phillips, Fourth United States Artillery, recently visited the college.

Preliminary work in the new building has begun. The Q. T. V. Society Hall has been moved directly back, and sits on a line with the shop. The road in front of it will be graded and finished, and ground broken for the new building as early as possible. By next commencement the college will look different.

President Fernald has a very interesting article in the *New England Magazine* for April—May on the State College. It contains a very readable account of the history and design of this institution, and has the following summary of the occupations of the alumni, and relative percentage in each calling:

| | Number. | Percentage. |
|---------------------------------|---------|-------------|
| Farmers..... | 18 | 9 |
| Specialists in Agriculture..... | 11 | 5 |
| U. S. Signal Service..... | 4 | 2 |
| Civil Engineers..... | 38 | 18 |
| Mechanical Engineers..... | 22 | 11 |
| Manufacturers..... | 15 | 7 |
| Druggists..... | 6 | 3 |
| Physicians..... | 6 | 3 |
| Lawyers..... | 11 | 5 |
| Clergymen..... | 2 | 1 |
| Editors..... | 3 | 1 |
| Commercial Business..... | 14 | 7 |
| Teachers..... | 30 | 14 |
| Miscellaneous and Unknown..... | 30 | 14 |
| Total..... | 210 | 100 |

PERSONALS.

'73.

Chas. E. Reed C. E. was at the college a few days since. Mr. Reed is in the employment of the Phoenix Bridge Co., Philadelphia, Pa., and is agent for, and has charge of their work in the New England States.

'75.

Alfred M. Goodale will attend the reunion to be held at the college this commencement. Mr. Goodale is a Superintendent of the cotton mills at Waltham, Mass.

'76.

Fred M. Blanding of the *Industrial Journal* has arrived home from a trip to Florida. Mr. Blanding has returned with his health much improved.

C. P. Allen, of Presque Isle, is working hard to establish a National Bank in that place. He is meeting with marked success, having already received subscription for a large amount of money.

'77.

Fred F. Philips, lawyer and insurance agent, Bangor, Me., was on the campus May 24.

'79.

W. N. Titus is a prominent member of the board of trade, Woburn, Mass. He is reported as occupying the highest social standing and one of those who not only has the disposition but the ability to promote the interests of the community in which he lives.

'80.

Daniel Webster Jr., American express agent at Augusta, proposes to take a vacation very soon. He is to make an extended tour through the west.

'81.

The *Baltimore Daily News* of May 12, reports H. H. Andrews as one of the distinguished Masonic visitors, attending the centennial celebration of Masonry in that city.

The following is copied from the *Phoenix Herald*: "Born. Pease. In Phoenix, Arizona, April 18th, 1887; to the wife of O. L. Pease,

a daughter. The lightning will flash along the telegraph lines and the keys will work with a fatherly feeling under the finger of brother Pease to-day." The boys at the M. S. C. congratulate Mr. Pease on the success he is having in helping to populate the Western States.

'84.

Miss Hattie C. Fernald is now in Saugus, Mass., directing the formation of a fine public library. Miss Fernald has been taking a special course in Columbia College library for some time past and is particularly well fitted for this kind of work.

William Webber and Miss Mary A. Brown, of Chicago, Ill., were married in that city, May 12th. Mr. Webber is one of the head draughtsmen in the great McCormick Reaper Works in Chicago.

E. F. Ladd, assistant chemist in the New York Experiment Station at Geneva, has been passing a few days in Orono. He left for New York May 23.

'86.

Mr. J. F. Lockwood is home from New York passing a few days. Mr. Lockwood is an electrical engineer and is meeting with much success in that profession.

E. D. Graves is at work on the Somerset R. R.

'88.

Blanchard and Seabury have left college for the remainder of the term.

Butler is still at home in poor health.

EXCHANGES.

As we sit down before the pile of Exchanges on our table and try to decide which first to consider, we find it more difficult than would be supposed; nearly all are so excellent, so worthy of commendation, that which most deserves mention is a puzzling question. Yet, despite the above praise, in many there is something that we deem censurable, and that is the quarrelsome spirit betrayed by their Exchange editors. It is a perverted use of the Exchange column to be always therein resenting supposed injuries, and "sticking up" for one's

own college paper by anathematizing some other college and its editors. A college journal's best champion is the degree of excellence of its character, and the Exchange editor can never do his share towards heightening that, if he makes use of his department as a medium through which he may vent his spleen.

An editorial of the *Williams Weekly* informs us that all the poems ever written for Williams periodicals are to be collected, so far as possible, and published in book form. We think it an excellent idea. What graduate or undergraduate would not be most desirous of possessing a book which contained all the songs, whether good or bad, that had once been sung by his Alma Mater's Voice?

Under the head of "Communications," in the *Undergraduate* for May, is a long article which we wish our limited space permitted us to insert whole, since it is so applicable to the condition of affairs in our own college. We clip merely the following: "It seems strange that while in large colleges the men on the Base-ball team are willing to do severe and systematic work, in a small institution the practice is careless and indifferent, while no attention is given to diet and keeping regular hours, which things are absolutely indispensable, in some degree, to any one who expected to do good work in any branch of athletics. The practice of last season here, in large part, was for one man to stand near the home plate and bat—nearly always—fly balls to a crowded field, often a small fraction of the team being present."

The *Free Lance* for May is before us in its attractive cover, and general neat appearance. For so young a journal, this being but the second number, it is indeed worthy of praise. The editorials are devoted entirely to college affairs, and are especially good. One of them speaks of the visit of the Pennsylvania State Senate Committee, and of their agreeable surprise on finding the P. S. C. in so flourishing a condition, it being the prevalent idea in Pennsylvania, as indeed nearly everywhere else, certainly in Maine, that State colleges are of not much account any way; that the students attending them are of an inferior order, and that the studies pursued are of little higher

standard than a second-rate academy. Now the fact of the case is that students of agricultural colleges are by far more studious, and therefore less given to dissipations of any kind, than those of classical institutions; and they have to be; their college curriculum demands it. And what's more, the studies laid down in that curriculum are such as are best adapted to fit them to successfully cope with the world and to acquire for themselves the position in it most to be desired—that of an honorable and useful citizen.

We find in the *Troy Polytechnic* for May, much to praise, and also something to censure, which is the belligerent spirit evinced by its exchange editor, who devotes two columns to the purpose of utterly annihilating the exchange editor of another college periodical.

It is with pleasure that we scan the interesting pages of the *Washburn Argo*. One of its well-written articles is entitled "John Brown." It certainly takes a humane view of the motives which actuated that strange man, and after reading it one is inclined to think that he was a martyr, rather than a traitor, whose body now "lies mouldering in the grave," far up the wooded slope of one of the Adirondacks.

We have noticed in the *Concordiensis*, also in the *Haverfordian*, a proceeding for the accomplishment of an object which we think any college journal would do well to emulate. That proceeding is an attempt—in both of these instances a successful one—to give the students of other colleges a description of their own Alma Mater and its surroundings, together with anything else of interest in connection therewith. We think it a most excellent idea, and that if other college editors would take the matter in hand and carry it out so ably as those of the papers just mentioned, it would be a means of connecting the institutions of learning more closely than all the exchange columns ever written.

George Alfred Townsend, who has just completed a charming country home in the mountains of Virginia, will visit Europe this summer. He expects to sail some time in June.

OTHER COLLEGES.

George Washington was the first one who received the degree of L. L. D. from Harvard.

Twelve United States Senators are among the Alumni of Union College.

At Princeton a prize of \$1,500 is given to the Sophomore passing the best examination in the classics.—*Ex.*

The University of Pennsylvania has received \$10,000 to be spent in the erection of its new library.

Williams B. B. nine lost every game upon its Southern trip this spring.

Fifty per cent. of the past editors of the *Harvard Daily Crimson* are now engaged in journalism.—*Ex.*

At a recent meeting of the trustees of Princeton College, President McCosh's plans to change the institution to a university were rejected.—*Ex.*

In the University of Wisconsin, the battalion drills every day.

The University of Paris was founded in 1200, and is the oldest institution in the world. Oxford was founded in 1206, and Cambridge in 1257.—*Ex.*

The position of scorer for the B. B. nine at Bowdoin seems to be such a desirable acquisition, that it is bid for by the applicants. The highest bid this spring was \$40.

A professorship of Physical Culture, with an endowment of fifty thousand dollars, is to be established at Amherst College as a memorial of Henry Ward Beecher.—*Ex.*

At Dartmouth land has been purchased by the College with the view of erecting thereon a building for Base Ball and running in winter. The estimated cost of the building is three thousand dollars.

Lee, of Yale, recently in practice, is said to have kicked nine feet, five and one-half inches, thus beating the world's record by two and three-quarters inches.

At their last meeting the Alumni of Boston College founded a purse of fifty dollars for the

best essay which this year Gregory

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A Lis an old Bowdoin which w ago, but it. If i the colle history, Franklin Bowdoin College. venerabl from the

best essay on any theme, historical or moral, which the Faculty of the College may select. This year the subject is "The Pontificate of St. Gregory I."

The two literary societies of Princeton, the Whig and the Clio, expect to build new halls, the estimated cost of each being \$5,000. The Whig society was founded by James Madison, and the Clio by Aaron Burr.—*Ex.*

Fisher, Yale, '88, has invented a device for registering the strokes of oarsmen. The *Philadelphia Press* of May says: "It indicates the comparative strength of different oarsmen, affording an easy and even method of selecting the best men."—*Ex.*

The valuation of the property of Washburn College, including lands, endowments, etc., cannot fall short of \$750,000, and will probably reach a million.

The Senior class at Harvard numbers two hundred and forty men.

The Commission of Colleges, in New England, on admission examinations, held its third meeting at Boston University on Friday, April 22. The principal subject under discussion was the requirements in English. No decision was reached, and the matter was postponed for further consideration at the next meeting. All the colleges in New England are now represented in the Commission, with the exception of Bates and the colleges in Vermont.—*Beacon.*

This year the Harvard nine is the poorest that has represented that college for years. The infield is very weak, and any kind of batting would rattle it all to pieces. Yale will easily win all four games.

A Lisbon clock dealer has in his possession an old Dutch clock bearing the name of Bowdoin College. It is thought to be a clock which was stolen from the college a long time ago, but there are now no means of identifying it. If it is the same clock which belonged to the college, it is very valuable for its age and history, as it was once owned by Benjamin Franklin, by whom it was given to James Bowdoin, and thence found its way to Bowdoin College. It is a matter of regret that such a venerable piece of property should have passed from the possession of the college.—*Orient.*

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

In 1886 the total number of accidents from machinery, in factories and work shops in Great Britain was 6,656, of which 316 were fatal.

The latest English Torpedo Boat is one hundred and thirty-five feet long, fourteen feet wide and one hundred and five tons displacement. The engines are triple expansion, and indicate one thousand five hundred H. P. The speed of the boat is twenty-three knots per hour.

The secretary of the U. S. Navy has awarded to the Bethlehem, Pa., Iron Works, contracts for the supply of 1,400 tons of steel gun forgings and 4,500 tons of steel armor plates, costing upwards of four and one half million dollars.

MARINE ENGINE ECONOMY.

An interesting experiment of the comparative economy of the old and more modern styles of oscillating marine engines was lately furnished by an instance quoted by Mr. J. W. T. Harvey, before an engineering section of the Bristol Naturalists' Society. The *Juno* was originally worked with a jett condenser; after a time this was replaced by a surface condenser, and finally the engines were compounded. Thus we have the same vessel working under three different conditions, and any alteration in the coal consumption must be due to the change in machinery. The engines originally worked at 30 lbs. per square inch, and indicated 1,605 H. P.; they drove the vessel at 14.1 knots per hour using 92 tons of coal per voyage. Subsequently new boilers and surface condensers were fitted to the ship, the pressure still being at 30 lbs.; the same horse-power and speed were maintained with a consumption of 84½ tons of coal per voyage, a saving of 7½ tons or 9 per cent. As competition in carrying trade became known this coal consumption could not be afforded, and it was determined to compound the engines as inexpensively as possible. One of the existing cylinders 66 inch was replaced by another one 40 inch in diameter, and this together with two sets of link motion, two fuel pumps, a steam starting engine and a pair of cylindrical boilers working at 80 lbs. pressure, constituted the

whole of the new parts. The engines now gave 1,270 horse-power or 335 horse-power less than before, and drove the ship at 13.4 knots per hour or 7 knots slower, on a consumption of 49 tons of coal per voyage. The coal consumption per H. P. therefore varied under the three conditions as 100; 91; 67. The consumption per voyage varied as 100; 91; 53.—*Engineering*.

Japan has now in operation 227 miles of Government, and 120 miles of private railways; a total of 347 miles. 68 miles of Government and 42 miles of private lines are under construction; 246 miles have been surveyed, and 436 miles more simply prospected.—*Eng. News*.

CHATS ABOUT CELEBRITIES.

The Duke of Connaught speaks Hindostanee fluently.

Lord Edgar Cecil, younger son of the Marquis of Salisbury, has been admitted to the English bar.

Canon Wilberforce will presently visit Chicago. He will speak in Mr. Moody's church, and also, it is hoped, deliver a lecture or two.

Mr. Hyatt is the second United States Treasurer from Connecticut within a few years. James Gilfillan, who was Treasurer under the late President Garfield, was a native of Connecticut.

Mr. Joseph Kirkland, the author of the new novel of the West, "Zury," is the poet whose solution in rhyme of the "Lady and the Tiger" appeared in the *Century*. This new novel is his first work of fiction.

The king of Siam has sent a number of dignitaries of his kingdom in search of a score or more of suitable maidens to be married to his son, the youngster who was recently officially declared "Crown Prince."

Lieutenant Gordon, R. N., of the British meteorological service, has arrived at Halifax, N. S., to take command of the government cruiser Acadia, which will be ready for sea in about a fortnight. Lieutenant Gordon commanded the Alert during three trips to Hudson's bay.

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HASH.

THE TIME TO READ IT.—Lady (to husband) —I'm to read at the entertainment this evening. Husband.—What selection have you made? Lady—"Curfew Shall not Ring to-night." I don't know whether I ought to read it before or after refreshments are served. Husband—Oh, before, I think. Lady—Why? Husband—You'll have a bigger audience.—*Judge.*

Some physicians say disease is transmitted by kissing. Heart disease is, and the only remedy is matrimony.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. Omaha girl. Pa, Mr. DeSweet has asked me to share his lot.

Omaha Pa—Where is it?

"Within the two-mile limit, fifty foot east front."

"Bless you, my children."—*Omaha World.*

A Denver editor wrote: "The employment of tens of thousands of females in business pursuits will in time ruin us as a business nation." Then he went home, threw himself on a lounge, and smoked a cigar while his wife spaded up ten square yards of flower-garden.—*Norristown Herald.*

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It is the best Liniment in use for bruises, burns, scalds, chilblains, frost bites, soreness of limbs and joints, rheumatism, neuralgia, etc. It prevents blood poisoning in cuts and other wounds, reduces inflammation, allays pain and promotes rapid healing in all cases. It is beneficial to the skin at all times; has rather an agreeable odor, is practically colorless and can be washed off easily by the application of soap and water.

THOS. JENNESS & SON, Prop's,

BANGOR, MAINE.



The Queen Regent of Spain reviewed her troops last week. Her escort consisted of forty generals.

The Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar has in her possession a series of bills and papers belonging to Goethe, dating back to 1755, which shows how his house was built and furnished, and the Goethe society is going to restore the old house of the poet, in Frankfort, to the same condition in which Goethe knew it.

The Duke of Connaught receives a salary of 6,600 pounds a year as commander-in-chief at Bombay. There are so many other emoluments, however, that the real salary is estimated at 10,000 pounds. Besides this he receives 25,000 pounds a year as a Parliamentary allowance.

The Emperor of Russia has a salary of \$8,250,000; the Sultan of Turkey, \$6,000,000; the Emperor of Austria, \$4,000,000; the King of Prussia, \$3,000,000; King Humbert, \$2,400,000; Queen Victoria, \$2,200,000; Isabella of Spain, \$1,800,000; Leopold of Belgium, \$500,000; President Cleaveland, \$50,000.

The presumptuousness of Rubens is shown by the fact that the combined portraits of his first and second wife, his daughter, together with his father, grandfather and himself, are intended to represent a Holy Family, and the painting is typical of that idea.

"Are you practicing self-denial, Nellie?"

"Oh, yes, papa."

"What do you go without?"

"You know those two big chairs in the parlor?"

"Yes."

"Well, Leander and I have dispensed with the use of one of them."

"You have, eh? Well, we'll dispense with Leander now."—*Ex.*

Balancesheet, the wealthy merchant, had advertised "Boy Wanted." Enter a young dude who had come to ask the hand of his daughter.

Dude (in a squeaky voice)—I have called, sir, to awsk—

Balancesheet (without looking up)—Don't want you, sir. Just hired a boy.—*Texas Siftings.*

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